

ly perceiv'd, he was not so indifferent to me as he ought to have been; nevertheless she thank'd him, and prais'd his Generosity. They then concerted Measures proper to secure to me the Wealth he was desirous of restoring; and the Conversation turn'd upon Interest entirely, without any mention of the Sentiments of our Hearts: but when we were to part, they then waked with so much Impetuosity, that there was no mark left of the Virtue I had so much boasted of. *Arimont's* Despair was so great, that it occasion'd mine; and never was any one so much embarras'd as the Lady Abbess, at seeing the excess of our Sorrow; but yet she did not fall from her Character, but by Discourses, full of true Wisdom, calm'd our Transports. *Arimont* begg'd her to tell him, where I was to go when I left her House; but she refus'd him, promising him, that he should hear News of me, through her: thus we parted, between Hope and Fear of never meeting more. The next Day I set out for the Place, where the Sister to *Clidanor's* Relation was Governess, and it was there I contracted a Friendship with the amiable *Julia*, your Niece; the Affection I had for her, made me, without difficulty, consent to be seen by you, tho I knew you came from a Town, where you might have heard mention of me. I was, in that House, treated with the same Gentleness, and had the same Regard shown me, as at the other: The Lady Abbess alone, knew my Adventures and Birth. But whatever Care was taken to conceal me, *Arimont*, once more, discover'd my Place of Refuge; and I was forced
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to seek a Retreat absolutely unknown, lest, being expos'd to the Sight of him, I might lose the Fruit I expected, from the Efforts my Reason every day made on my Tendernefs. I left therefore this Nunnery, and shut my self up in a Solitude, where I was well assur'd I should not be sought for ; it was a Farm, belonging to a Lady that was retir'd into the House from whence I came ; it was inhabited only by the Farmer and his Wife, who rented it of her. This Place seem'd to have been made on purpose to be unknown to the rest of the World : The House was in the middle of a thick Forest, more like a Hermitage than a Farm, surrounded with Rocks and Mountains. I repair'd to this Place with two young Women-Attendants, that the Lady Abbess had allotted me ; and pretending to be a Relation of hers, I spent four Years in this Retreat, with a great deal more Tranquillity than I could have expected. I often heard from both the Houses where I had been ; they inform'd me of the Death of *Armira*, and the Confession she had made at her Death, of the carrying away of *Orsames*. I admir'd her boundless Ambition, and *Arimont's* Probity ; but what was most surprizing to me, was my own Sentiments : For, Madam, *Arimont's* proceeding with *Belisa* charm'd me, not as an interested Lover, but as a Sister attentive to his Glory : I read his Name in the Letters I received, and could even pronounce it without blushing, as I used to do. This alteration strengthen'd my Reflections, and I at length repented my having had so long time contrary Sentiments ; I gave thanks to Heaven, and finding

finding myself strong enough to persist in my Resolutions; and having nothing more to fear from *Armira*, I desired to return to the Nunnery where *Celia* was; but they would not as yet admit me, that I might be still better fortified.

I continued six Months longer in my Retreat, when, as a last piece of News to crown all, they sent me word that *Orsames* was return'd, and of the Friendship between him and *Arimont*; and as this took up the Time of the latter very much, I might embrace this Opportunity of returning. I readily comply'd, and re-enter'd into my Nunnery with extreme Joy, and I was receiv'd with the same: And as *Arimont* and *Clidanor's* Relation had secur'd to me what *Emilia* had left, and that I could dispose of it where I pleas'd, I resolv'd to bestow it on the Nunnery where I was, and to enter into their way of living, by taking Vows, which might for ever hide me from the rest of the World; I have now past my Year of Probation, during which Time, my Resolution and Reason improv'd, and I got Strength enough, even to see the unhappy *Arimont*, who desired it so earnestly, that it was not thought proper to refuse him such a Satisfaction, especially, as there was nothing to be fear'd on my side. I received him as a Brother, who was entirely dear to me, and to whom I was infinitely oblig'd; but I did not dare express too much Tenderness, lest I should have given him an Opportunity to have shown his. He saw the Constraint I put upon myself, and regulating his Behaviour accordingly, he hid from me, as much as possible, the Affliction of his Soul: He told

told me the History of *Orsames* and *Julia*, and I entertained him with the Satisfaction I enjoy'd in my Retreat: thus our Interview pass'd, in a mutual Confidence in each other, notwithstanding the Constraint we both put upon ourselves. *Arimont* desired me to let him know the Day I was to make my Vows on; which I promised him, and so we parted.

AS the Part I acted was very proper for me, as well in regard to the Misfortune of my Birth, as to the Error I had been guilty of; so I should have been very well pleas'd, if my Brother would have entred into some Engagement, which might have taken from him, as well as me, all past Remembrance of our unhappy Adventures; but it was not decent for me to propose such a thing to him, it might have drawn upon me an Answer perhaps offensive to my Intentions, and I was not so well assur'd of myself, but that I apprehended, his Refusal might either give me Satisfaction, or else his Consent be an Affliction to me: So I got his Relation to propose it to him, and she even offered him a very advantageous Match. But he begg'd her not to press him on that Head; Content yourself, Madam, (*said he to her*) with what Reason has made me do, in relation to *Olympia*; my Heart cannot admit of any other Object, I admire her Virtue, and esteem her a thousand times the more for it, I praise her Change, and her Resolution; but it's impossible for me to imitate her, all that I can do, is, not to let her discover any Tokens of my Despair. This is all that could be got from him. I was extremely touch'd at the situation his Mind was in; but as the State of
mine

mine was a Work of five Years, my Concern did not retard my Resolution. It's now eight days since I put my happy Design in execution, by dedicating myself for ever to him on whom alone depends the Felicity of Mankind. I gave *Arimont* notice of it, according to my Promise; but hearing no News of him, I apprehend something that is dreadful: I pray incessantly to Heaven for him, and pour forth my most ardent Vows for the Return of his Reason and Tranquillity.

You see, Madam, the state of my Heart at present; you have known it so full of Grief and Uneasiness, that I thought myself obliged to acquaint you with the Alteration, at the same time assuring you, that there is not the least in the Esteem and Friendship with which you have inspired

OLYMPIA.

I don't believe (*said Urania, seeing Felicia had done reading*) there was ever any Adventure more surprising than this of *Olympia*. It is the more so (*added Florinda*) because it inspires us with compassionate Admiration. True (*said Camilla*) so much Vertue shines throughout it, notwithstanding the most passionate and least pardonable Passion, that we cannot pity *Olympia* and *Arimont* as two unfortunate Lovers. I am so affected with it (*said Felicia*) that I almost accuse Fate with Injustice; I would have given any thing, that they had at last proved not Brother and Sister. I was in hopes that it might have ended so, (*reply'd Urania* :) But as *Olympia* does not relate a Fiction, we must be contented

contented with the Truth of it as it is. What troubles me most (*said Camilla*) is *Arimont's* Death; it is plain *Olympia* does not know it, because she takes no notice of it, and I am pierced with Grief, when I think of the Heart-breaking News that will be to her: but I can't comprehend, why she desired *Urania* should be informed of her Adventures. Her Reason is very easy to be guess'd (*reply'd she*) *Olympia* knows of my Intimacy with *Belisa*, that *Arimont* being at her House, I might with ease find an opportunity to tell him of what I knew concerning her: the fear of expressing too much Sensibility, prevented her mentioning it in her Narration. As for informing her of his Death, it must be done by somebody else, for I shall not charge myself with so melancholy a Commission.

PERHAPS (*said Felicia*) *Olympia* had that in view, but I rather believe she had some stronger motive: For knowing *Urania* to be an acquaintance of *Belisa*, she thought it very probable, that she might know *Arimont's* History, and consequently her pretended Crime; which made her be willing to inform her of the Truth of the matter, that she might recover the esteem, so extraordinary a Passion might have made her forfeit. The Circumstances (*reply'd Urania*) take off from the Horror of it, and I think *Olympia* as worthy of Admiration in her Change, as she was of Pity, where she was blinded with her Love. There has been such Passions heretofore (*added Florinda*) but they could only raise up Indignation, as they owed their birth to Vice. There is something in this natural, and yet uncommon, that we

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hear it without Horrour, and can't help being touched at it. Here you see the Strength of Vertue, (*said Felicia.*) Yet (*said Camilla*) what now appears to be a monstrous Crime, was in former times the custom. The *Egyptians* thought no Alliances so agreeable as what were in their own Families, and great Numbers of their Kings were married to their Sisters.

WHAT you say is very true; (*said Felicia;*) but as there is no Law, or Religion, but what Time refines, under the Reign of *Ptolemy* the Great, the same People detested what their Predecessors allowed of; that Prince having, a long time, winked at the wicked Inclinations of *Ceraunus* his eldest Son, could not stifle the Horrour, his ravishing the Princess his Sister filled him with: and this last Crime determined him in the Resolution of Crowning *Ptolemy Philadelphus* his second Son, during his life-time. It's certain (*said Camilla*) that most of those who have made Laws, have rather followed their Passions than Justice. Ambition, Hatred and Love, have been the Lawgivers among Men. I don't condemn your Idea (*reply'd Urania*) but as there have been Men truly wise, whose Conduct has been entirely regulated by Justice and Equity, we must listen to what they have prescribed, and not hearken to those who have strayed from the Paths they had shown them. This is what ought to be (*said Florinda*) but when the Laws in force are found repugnant to our Inclinations, we then look up to past Ages, for favourable Examples that may authorize our Passions and Weaknesses.—Have not the Heathens great reason to believe that very thing was allowable in them, in read-
ing

ing the Works of *Ovid*, and may not they with justice imagine that the Disorderliness of the Gods excuses that of Men? This might have been (*answered Felicia*) if the Heathens had been Masters of that Understanding, they have boasted since; but they had enough, especially in the time of that illustrious Roman, to know that his *Metamorphoses* contained divine Morals, and that in playing upon their Gods, he ridiculed much more the Credulity of Men. Now you have mentioned *Ovid*, (*interrupted Camilla*) I must read a Letter directed to him: I don't know whether it is a Translation, or an Invention, but I think it worthy of your Attention. I had it from a Person of Learning, who very much esteemed it. This is it, (*added she.*)

CIPARISSA to OVID.

I am surprized Ovid, that so fine an Understanding, and sublime a Genius as yours, should make Gods more vicious than Men. If it is design'd as a Satyr on the Worship that is paid them at Rome and in Greece, I don't think it becomes a Roman Knight to censure his Religion, only to show us the extent and depth of his Wit. Cannot you give us more venerable Divinities than those of your Metamorphoses? But especially ought you not to be favourable to your own Sentiments in the Fable of Venus? Is it possible, that so great a Man as Ovid, who so well understands the Art of Pleasing, and has so perfectly well treated on that of Loving, that should make the Mother of Love, the Divinity of his imaginary Heaven, the most abandon'd of her Sex? Would not your Pen have acquired as much

glory, in speaking the Truth? Or at least, Probabilities were the Charms of the Fable requisite towards enchanting us? Why did you not rather pretend that Venus was Daughter to one of the first Kings of the Earth, that the Men of that Age having nothing but the Dictates of Nature, were ignorant of what Choice or a Taste was; but that gratifying their necessities without delicacy, like the Brutes they were at war with, mixing without distinction, and multiplying blindly, the Fathers did not know their Children, nor the Women their Husbands. This Venus, whom Heaven had endowed with a most divine Beauty, finding in herself different Notions than were in her Cotemporaries, had formed the Design of teaching them a Union much more perfect than what they had. That this Princess, inspired by the Supreme Beings, had assembled together the Women that possess'd the most Charms, and that knowing her own Sex more easy to be persuaded than the Men, had began publishing her Precepts to them, convinced that Men should soon learn, if they would but give themselves the trouble of instructing them. That Princess set forth the Horrour of giving themselves up to the Laws of Nature, without the Heart's being anyways concerned, which being the noblest part of Men, ought to govern all the Actions of their Lives: that since that inspired them with Courage, Generosity and a Thirst for Fame, it might also give them a softer Passion, which would compleat their Felicity. In order to which, they must each of them make a Choice, but with Caution and Taste, governed by the natural Sympathy, that should make them incline to one Object sooner than another; that this Sympathy would soon form Sentiments, which should be called Love, which Love would produce Delicacy, which was alone the Source
of

of all Pleasures, That she imagined Wit, and Beauty, sufficient to captivate those they should pitch on; with which Assistance, they would give more certain and lively Wounds to the Men, than their Arrows did to the Brutes. That if the Men should not approve of this Union, they should immediately refuse them their Company, persuaded that since the World could not subsist without them, they would be forced to obey what Laws they should please to lay on them, rather than not possess them. That these Lessons, being often repeated, had been attended with as sudden an effect as Venus had promised herself; and in concert with her beautiful Disciples, they attacked the Men with Charms that fir'd their Souls, who found themselves animated with an Ardour not for Glory or Ambition, but with something that comprehended both those Passions: That the same Sympathy governing their Hearts, as well as they that attacked them, each made their choice according as they had been wounded; from which moment, Mortals began to know no greater Felicity than Loving, and being Beloved. That this Princess Venus, being Inventress of this delicate Notion, which she had named Love, was looked upon as the Mother of it, and of the Graces, because she was assisted by the most beautiful Women of her time. That this mutual Engagement had been found so beautiful, that they who embraced it, made a God of it, with a Bandage before its Eyes, to show that it is a Sentiment, the force of which, is invincible; and made a Goddess of her, that had first drawn the Heart out of the Chaos it was wrap'd in. By this probable Story, O gallant Ovid, you would have made the Deity you have so often sacrificed, to be respected; and perhaps the Delicacy would have had such an effect upon you, as to prevent your
being

being the most inconstant of Men. If you could have been a Lover, without being a Debauchee, you would have formed a Venus, and Mother of Love, without painting her vicious. Forgive, illustrious Roman, the Criticism of a Woman, whom you have not scorned to teach ; and who has, by reading your divine Works, become more learned and nice, than by all the Care that Augustus and Livia took of her Education.

THIS Work (*said Urania*) is of a very singular goust, the Idea of it appears to me to be entirely new ; she that composed it, seems to accuse *Ovid* for following his own temper more than reason, and would persuade us that in all Writings, there enters a vast deal of the Humours and Inclinations of the Author. It is impossible it should be otherwise, (*answer'd Felicia* :) Yet, when a Writer describes Ambition, Cruelty, or Love ; it does not follow of certain consequence, that he himself is ambitious, cruel, or in love. No certainly (*said Camilla*) smiling, for I have very often wrote Verses extremely tender, yet love nothing. This Proof (*reply'd Florinda*) is not sufficient, your Verses show the Disposition of your Mind, tho' it has met with no worthy Object ; which we may reasonably imagine is the reason you don't employ the Stock of Tenderness that is in your Soul. It is true (*said Urania*) that we do sometimes discover ourselves in our Writings, but it is not a general Rule : There are Men who know perfectly well how to describe beautiful Actions, without being capable of performing them. An Author often attributes to his Hero, Vertues he knows nothing of ; yet
if

if I had the Talent of Writing, I should sooner lay open, and describe my own Sentiments, than to owe to my Invention what my Heart is ignorant of. There are few People of that Character, (*reply'd Camilla*;) we every day meet with Numbers, who pretend to be excessively modest, in regard to their Wit, Beauty or Talents; yet with a great deal of Boldness make Elogiums on their Hearts: if one were to listen to them, they are all Generous, Good-natur'd, Sincere, Faithful; in short, endow'd with all the Qualities that we know they ought to have: when no body allows 'em, but themselves. I find (*said Urania*) we have put *Camilla* into a Humour to moralize, and that we insensibly forget, it's time to go to Supper. Saying this, she led her Friends into the Hall, who placed themselves at Table. Supper being over, they resum'd their Walk, and usual Conversation.

I think (*said Camilla*) a fine *Night* is preferable to the finest *Day*. So do I (*reply'd Urania*) but I am surpriz'd, to find you of that Opinion; your Heart and Mind being free from all Engagements.—I thought the Moon and Stars had been admir'd only by those in Love. That stock of Tendernefs (*resum'd Camilla, smiling*) with which you just now reproach'd me, may be, perhaps, the occasion of it. I am persuaded indeed (*cry'd Florinda*) that when the Heart is in that situation *Urania* speaks of, *Night* has Charms which are not to be found in *Day*; the Soul recollects its Vigour, without being taken off, or distracted.—When one loves tenderly, that is certainly the

the best Time to think of the beloved Object. Ah! (*rejoin'd Urania*) my dear *Florinda*, there is no Time fixed for that.— The dazzling Glories of the *Sun*, or the soft gentle Shades of *Night*, are equally employed by those truly touched with that engrossing Passion. Nothing can be more certain than this, (*added Felicia*;) when we are affected with a piercing Grief, or great Tenderneſs, the Imagination is taken up with it both Night and Day, and ſometimes too we are ſo loſt in Contemplation, we know not the difference between them;— ſo little is any thing elſe capable of interrupting it. This is as much as to tell us (*ſaid Camilla, embracing Urania and Felicia*) the ſituation of both your Minds; but I hope, a happy Return of *Orophanes* and *Thelamont*, will ſoon permit you to taſte the Pleaſures of both Night and Day: in the mean time, I adviſe you to take the Repoſe I wiſh you. I find (*ſaid Urania, ſmiling*) the indifferent *Camilla* is inclin'd to go to Bed, and only invites us to take the Repoſe ſhe wants herſelf. You are in the right (*added Florinda*) how great an Admirer ſoever ſhe may pretend to be of the Night, I believe, ſhe had much rather enjoy the Beauties of it aſleep, than waking. However that be (*reply'd that agreeable Lady*) we will not carry our Reflections any farther; for, I am ſure *Urania* is tir'd with Talking and Hearing, it is time to leave her at liberty to enjoy her own Thoughts. I never am happier than when with my Friends, (*ſaid Urania*;) but I think, at preſent, we will come into your Propoſal. At theſe Words, they all walk'd back to the Houſe;

Urania

Urania and *Felicia* waited on *Camilla* and *Florinda* to their Apartment ; and afterwards, retiring to their own, past the Night, with the pleasing Hopes, that *Thelamont* and *Orophanes* would soon, by their Presence, restore that Joy to their Hearts, which their Absence had deprived them of.



I

THE



T H E
SIXTH DAY.



LEEP did not take so entire a Dominion over the four beautiful Friends, as to make them rise later than usual. *Urania* and *Felicia* were scarce out of their Apartments, before they perceived *Florinda* and *Camilla* coming to enjoy the finest Morning in the World ; they repaired to the Banks of the River, and followed the Course of it a long time, discoursing of common things, which occasionally presented themselves to their View.— But when the Soul is naturally inclined to great Things, it never wants Opportunities to exert itself.— *Florinda* observing the beautiful Meads, that bordered the other side of the River, covered with Sheep, those meek and innocent Creatures, feeding in Tranquillity, under the eye of a Shepherd, and the guard of his Dog ; cry'd out in a sort of Rapture, How happy would Mankind be, if they had Leaders as Watchful of their Necessities and Safety ! and how great would

would be the Felicity of Princes, if their Subjects lived in the same Union, Peace and Concord, that these Animals do!— This Reflection (*answer'd Urania*) is Wise and Judicious, and puts me in mind of a Passage I read last Night, in *Dennis of Halicarnassus*; he says, that a Deputy from the *Dalmatians*, nam'd *Batto*, being sent to *Rome*, to treat with the Emperor *Tiberius*, on the Revolt of *Dalmatia*, was asked by that Prince, Why those Nations so much endeavoured to shake off the *Roman Yoke*? *Cæsar* (*answer'd Batto*) I will satisfy your Curiosity with all the Frankness of a *Dalmatian Soldier*, who knows not how to disguise the Truth. The *Romans* are alone the Cause of the frequent Revolts of our Provinces; for, instead of sending us a Wise, Prudent and Courageous Shepherd to lead our Flock, and Dogs to defend them, they only send us Ravaging Wolves, to murder and tear us to pieces: This has made our Despair often change us from Lambs, to roaring Lions, who have sometimes devour'd the *Roman Eagle*. It is natural (*said Felicia*) to desire to shake off Chains that are too heavy. Slavery is of itself grievous enough, the Imposers of it need not add to the Weight of it: In my Opinion, a Prince cannot shew Humanity enough to People, over whom he reigns only by right of Conquest. Thus acted *Julius Cæsar* (*added Camilla*) he made such modest use of his Victory, that the Conquered were often as well contented as the Conquerors: This Gentleness gain'd him such numbers of Friends, and so considerably augmented his Party, that he overcame every thing that opposed him; and

nothing but Treason could have made that great Man fall ; a Treason so Fatal to the Actors in it, that they all died soon after it, of a violent Death. It is certain (*said Florinda*) that *Cæsar* was one of the Greatest Men among the Antients ; and I can't conceive, how any one can place *Alexander* before him. *Alexander* (*interrupted Felicia*) under the Eyes of *Leonidas*, his Governor, and *Aristotle* his Preceptor, was Just, Mild, Temperate, Generous, and so Liberal, that he gave away every thing in his power : I have read, that *Leonidas* telling him, one day, that if he went on in his Liberalities, he would leave himself nothing ; Fear it not, (*reply'd that Monarch*) I have an inexhaustible Treasure, that will always supply me with sufficient to acquit myself of the Promises I have made to *Aristotle*. Yet (*said Urania*) after his Conquests, from being Wise and Virtuous, he became Debauch'd, and Cruel enough, to kill with his own Hands his dearest Friends, abandoning himself to the most detestable Vices, exposing some to wild Beasts, and putting others to death on the least Suspicion, without having any regard to those to whom he was the most obliged. The Mourning that he enjoin'd for the Death of *Hephestion*, which he made extend to the vilest Animals, show'd his Vice and Folly, in its utmost Extent. On the contrary, *Julius Cæsar* always possess'd the Virtues that *Alexander* was once adorn'd with. This last resum'd his Virtue only at his Death, *Cæsar* never laid it aside : He had so few human Infirmities, or at least, so well conceal'd them, that his greatest Enemies could not find enough to tarnish his Glory. The greatest
Pleasure

Pleasure he could have, was, in rendring others Happy; and in proportion, as Fortune declared itself on his behalf, he made his Friends partake with him, and even fought them out in their most hidden Retirements. *Alexander* vaunted, that he held Fortune in Chains. *Cæsar* knew her, and mistrusted her, aiming at the accomplishment of his Designs with Deliberation, not being willing to expose himself to the Caprices of so uncertain a Goddess. I find (*said Urania*) that our Conversation is not like to end here, therefore let us take our Places, 'till the Sun and Dinner-time interrupt us.

EVERY body being therefore seated, *Florinda*, who, by her Reflection, had given birth to this Discourse, turning herself to *Urania*; You see (*said she*) the effect of your Presence; associating with you, makes us endeavour, even to think as you do: since my being here, my Mind aims at nothing but what may improve it. When you say (*reply'd Urania*) is very much to my advantage; but I should be very much concern'd, if you thought I intended so much to confine your Imaginations, as not to let you say, or think of any thing, but what favours of Learning; you know me well enough, to be sensible, that there is nothing I so much endeavour to avoid, as to be thought to aim at the Character of being learned: I am not so, but I endeavour to inform myself; and if I had not found you in a Humour to amuse yourselves with exalted Matters, I should have endeavour'd to have diverted your Minds from any thing that might have fatigu'd them. There is no need (*answer'd Felicia*) for your justifying yourself thus; we take

take a great pleasure in shewing, that our Ideas are conformable to yours: *Florinda* is, I am sure, of my Opinion; since, by her Reflection, she drew you into repeating so curious a Passage; and *Camilla* has shew'd the Brightness of her Genius, in the difference she has remark'd between *Cæsar* and *Alexander*. As for me (*said Camilla*) I know very well that I am not learned, neither have I the Ambition of appearing so; but I give up myself with Attention to what I read, that I may remember it again on Occasion, and make Reflections on it, according to my Capacity: as for example, I think I can never make enough on the Ruin of so many great Empires, the Names of which are so much celebrated in History; and yet there is now no other Remains of them; their Change of Masters has been their Ruin: the Ambition of some, and the Weakness of others, have occasioned those Revolutions, which have at length reduc'd them to nothing. *Arbactus* having exterminated *Sardanapalus*, King of the *Assyrians*, transfer'd the Empire to the *Medes*: *Cyrus* transported it from the *Medes* to the *Persians*; and *Alexander*, from the *Persians* to the *Macedonians*. Thus in several Ages happen'd these different Changes, which being attended with that of their Customs, Manners and Religions, have quite extinguish'd even the Names of those that were once so renowned. The *Romans* (*said Florinda*) had a much more refin'd piece of Policy, they always depriv'd of their Dignities, all the States and Kingdoms they could join to their own Dominions, leaving the Name of King to none, but their most intimate

intimate Allies; which was not a very glorious Title for them, for the least *Roman* valued himself far above the greatest Monarch. What happen'd to *Ptolemy*, surnamed the *Piper*, (*added Urania*) is a Proof of what *Florinda* says; this *Ptolemy* was Father of the famous *Cleopatra*, and was driven from his Dominions, by a general Revolt of his Subjects; this Prince having the good Fortune to escape, took the Resolution of going to *Rome*, to beg their Assistance. In going thither he touch'd at *Rhodes*, where he learn'd, that *Cato* was lately arriv'd; he sent a Compliment to him, and begg'd the Favour of an Interview. *Cato* sent him back word, that he might come to him, for his House was always open to those who were in Alliance, or had any Affairs to transact with the *Roman* Republick. The King was surpriz'd at so rough an Answer, and was, for some time, in doubt what he should do; but his Interest, at length, determining him, he went to *Cato*: But his Astonishment was very much increas'd, when he heard that *Roman*, without so much as rising, ask him, if he came to *Cato*, or to a *Roman* Senator. The greatness of *Ptolemy's* Surprise, made him, for some time, silent. This Prince, accustomed to see every body on their Knees who spoke to him, thought it very extraordinary, that a Man plain dress'd, and who show'd no Marks of that Grandeur, which the *Romans* so well knew how to dazle the Eyes of Strangers with, should treat him in that manner. Nevertheless he reply'd, that he came as an Ally of the *Romans*, to see a great Man, whose Reputation was spread all over the Earth. Let that alone (*interrupted the*
fierce

fierce Senator) and come to the Alliance. *Ptolemy* was almost disconcerted at this Answer; but at length told him, that he was an Ally of the *Romans*, that that Alliance had been sworn to on the Altar of *Jupiter Capitolinus*, which had rendred it inviolable; that he was going to *Rome* to demand Assistance from the Senate, against his Subjects, that had deposed him, and placed his eldest Son in his Throne. Believe me, *Ptolemy*, (*cry'd Cato*) turn back again to *Egypt*, I'll embark with you, and will, myself alone, re-establish you: But if you go to *Rome*, to *Pompey's House*, where, I know, your Lodging is appointed, you will be the Prey of the different Parties that will be form'd on your Affair. 'Tis known, that you are Powerful in ready Money, and the Corruption of most of the Senators, have made them already look on your Treasures as their own: You must, in Person, solicit from Door to Door, and debase the Royal Majesty; and after these Submissions, and Expence, you will be at last obliged to return, without effecting any thing. *Ptolemy* could not but admire that Great Man, his Counsel was prudent, and he inclin'd to follow it: But the Persons that *Pompey* had placed about him, determin'd to go on to *Rome*, which he had reason to repent, for every thing that *Cato* foretold, happen'd. Judge by this Passage (*continued Urania*) in what manner the *Romans* were wont to treat Kings. There are great Numbers of the like Examples, (*said Felicia*;) but to return to what *Camilla* said, on the Revolutions of Empires: I believe, their Ruin is always occasioned by the want of a Lawful Heir. The Dominions
that

that a Prince possesses in Right of Conquest or Election, cannot be so well supported, as those that are Hereditary. If an Empire be invaded by force of Arms, another Conqueror seeks to destroy the first; thus successively the People become a Prey to the most fortunate Conqueror. If it is by Election, the different Parties of the Pretenders cause a Trouble difficult to be calm'd; he that is excluded, never desists from endeavouring to supplant him that is chosen: which tumultuous Dissensions must infallibly destroy the most flourishing Empires. Instead of which, Hereditary Kingdoms support themselves by the number of their Princes, who are by birth alone called up to the Throne. Then you are of *Plato's* opinion (*said Florinda*) who says, that every Change in a State is to be fear'd, whether it is by Conquest or Election. We may therefore boldly conclude, that Hereditary States are the most permanent; since when a lawful Heir succeeds, the whole Kingdom submits, and acknowledges him without any dispute.

IT is true (*added Camilla*) that elective Kingdoms are subject to great Revolutions, witness what has happened in our time to *Poland*. We have, since the Death of *John Sobieski*, seen that Kingdom become a Prey to Strangers; the *Germans*, *Swedes* and *Muscovites*, have ravaged those beautiful Provinces, and have, in their turns, look'd upon them as an Enemy's Country, insomuch that *Poland* may be now look'd for even in *Poland* herself. Whereas, had they had an assured Successor, there would have been no door left open to all those Pretenders, nor no room for their Cabals

and Intrigues. *Alexander* (*said Urania*) being on his Death-bed, answered his Courtiers, when they asked him who should succeed him, *the most Worthy*. Then Self-love showed itself, each thought themselves the design'd Person, some endeavour'd to gain the Soldiers, others the great Men and the People; but the Instant it was known that *Alexander* had given the Royal Ring to *Perdiccas*, all their Caballing stop'd. The *Romans* (*said Felicia*) made Demigods of those Emperors that left them a lawful Successor; and I find, the Imperial Constitutions have wisely establish'd the Election of a King of the *Romans*, who is the appointed Successor to the Empire. Antiently (*added Florinda*) the *Persians* did not suffer their King to go in Person on any warlike Expedition, without first appointing who should succeed him. *Livia* (*said Urania*) had the Address to conceal the Death of *Augustus* so well, that *Tiberius* was in possession of the Empire before that Loss was known. The *Roman* Senate conceal'd that of the Emperor *Claudius*, and assembled every day on pretence of praying to the Gods for the Health of that Prince; but in reality, to secure the Empire to his Successor. Queen *Tanaquilla* (*added Camilla*) conceal'd the Death of *Tarquin* 'till *Servius* was installed King of the *Romans*.

A L L this proves (*said Urania*) that Hereditary Empires have, and always will support themselves in prejudice to all others. Saying thus, they walked towards the House, and being come into the Hall, and every thing ready to be serv'd up, they placed themselves at Table. After the Repast, *Urania* asked *Camilla*

jestingly,

jestingly, if she was of a humour to go to the Library. That beautiful Lady answered her, in the same Tone, that, that day Reading would be agreeable to her, and that she should not want a rural Feast to prevent her being melancholy. So saying, they entered the Library, where they resum'd their usual Entertainment. After some time spent in silence, *Florinda* breaking it the first, I cannot enough admire (*said she*) the Confidence of *Charles* the Fifth, and the Moderation of *Francis* the First, when the Emperor pass'd thro' *France* to suppress the Rebellion in *Ghent*. The History of our Nation, which I have met with, has called it to my mind. 'Tis indeed (*said Urania*) a very remarkable Passage: That Emperor ask'd leave of the King to pass through his Dominions; he obtain'd it, and when he was at *Paris*, it was represented to the King, that he ought to lay hold of the opportunity of revenging himself on that Prince, who had several times broke his Faith, in the Treaties that had been made between them; particularly in that relating to the Investiture of the Dutchy of *Milan*, which belong'd so justly to *France*. *Francis* the First, knew all the Importance of that Affair, but he knew better that the Royal Word was sacred; and repulsing such Counsels, he ordered them to mention it no more. Pledged Faith ought always to be regarded, (*said Felicia*;) thro' that the *Romans* possess'd the greatest Empire in the World; their Friends and Allies were so satisfy'd with the exact regard they had to their Treaties, that their Word was sufficient to them; all sorts of Treason were detestable to them. The *Faliscans* found it sufficiently, for

whilst the *Romans* were besieging their City, a School-Master contrived to lead the Children of the principal Men of the City into the *Roman* Camp. The Novelty of such a Baseness surpris'd them, and they so much abhorred it, that immediately they ordered the Arms of the Traitor to be ty'd, gave each of the Scholars Rods, and bad them whip him back to the City, and return to their Parents. They did so accordingly, and in so rigorous a manner, that the Wretch died under their Blows, as they enter'd the City. This Generosity of the *Romans* touch'd the *Faliscans* so sensibly, that the next day, on honourable Terms, they submitted themselves to the *Romans*. *Scipio* (added *Camilla*) having met and taken a *Carthaginian* Vessel richly laden, the Captain of which, telling him that he was carrying the Ambassadors, and the Presents which the Commonwealth was sending to *Greece*, he let them go, tho' he thought it was a Pretence; chusing rather to lose his Booty, than run the risque of violating the Rights of Nations in the Persons of Ambassadors, tho' he believed them to be feign'd ones. *Cesar Augustus* (said *Florinda*) might have chastis'd *Caracolas*, the most famous Robber of his time, and for whose Head there was a Reward put out; but he having the Temerity to deliver himself up to *Augustus* himself, and to ask the promised Reward, that Prince, who found something great in what he had done, ordered the Money to be paid him, and gave him his Life; thinking he ought to recompence the Confidence he had placed in him.

THE famous Pyrate *Callicratus* (*said Felicia*) refused a considerable Sum of Money, that was offered him to kill a Man to whom he had given his Protection. Since there is no body (*said Urania*) who does not endeavour to be believ'd in what he says, much more ought a Prince; he who ought to have more Honour in his Soul, and Truth in his Mouth than any of his Subjects; if he were allowed to promise and not observe, who could be simple enough to give credit to him? He that religiously keeps his Word, obliges the Person with whom he treats to do the same; he that breaks it, on the contrary, deserves the same to be done by him. In vain would Princes bind their Subjects by Oaths of Allegiance, in vain would they conclude Treaties with their Allies; all these Precautions would be useless, if they did not punctually keep their own Words. All Contracts are in Justice relative, the two Contractants ought reciprocally to execute the Articles agreed on, the Engagement is otherwise void. Much more ought a Prince, whose Presence supplies all other Solemnities, whose Word is Law, and whose Letters - Patents give full Assurance. How much stronger does an Oath bind him? He cannot infringe it, without particularly offending the Author of his Being, who is Truth itself, and whom Kings ought to imitate, since they represent him here below. Doubtless (*said Felicia*) God has made agreements with Men, which he has exactly observ'd; nay, he has often testify'd how much he was offended, at their not observing their Promises. The Children of *Saul* put to death the *Gibeonites*, contrary to the Faith that *Jeshua* had given them :

them: God revenged this in afflicting *Israel* with a Famine for the space of three Years; and tho', according to human Laws, the Promise of *Joshua* ought not to have been binding, being extorted by an Artifice; yet having been given under the Seal of God, it was become sacred, authentick and inviolable. These are great Examples (*said Camilla*) and noble Lessons for such as falsify their Promises.

IF Men, in every thing, observ'd that Golden Rule, to do as they would be done unto, (*added Florinda*) they would not need Examples, nor Laws; in their own Bosoms would they find what they ought to do, without having recourse to Laws established by others: But since it is not so, and there is a Necessity for Laws, I think they, who violate them, cannot be too severely punish'd. You are a *Roman*, in that point, (*reply'd Urania*;) that Famous Nation never failing to punish, with the utmost Rigour, the Violation of their Laws.

A Prince is obliged (*said Felicia*) to chastize the Wicked, when they are found out; if he forgive, or winks at them, he is guilty, towards God and Man, of the Crimes they shall afterwards commit: for this Reason, were the Axes and Rods carry'd before the *Roman* Emperors and Consuls, that they might, by them, be put in mind of their Duty, and keep the World in awe. During the Censorship of *Cato*, (*said Florinda*) the Artificers were always employ'd, without daring to quit their Shops, 'till the Hours for Work were over, for fear of meeting that rigid Cenfor, who,
Day

Day and Night, observed both the Little and the Great ones ; and when he found them in a Fault, he treated the Patricians in the same manner as the Meanest of the People : A remarkable Example for those in Authority ! *Seneca* says, (*added Urania*) that he who can prevent a Mischief, and does not, is as much guilty of it, as he that commits it. But yet, (*said Camilla*) too great Severity in a Prince is a Fault. Too great Indulgence (*cry'd Florinda*) is a much greater. Was not the *Roman* Empire running to Ruin, by the Disorders that the Goodness, or rather the Indolence of the Emperor *Pertinax* suffer'd to be introduc'd ? and what would have been the Consequence of it, had the severe *Alexander*, who succeeded him, remedied them, by restoring the Laws to their full Vigour, and putting them in force ? *Cicero* maintains (*added Urania*) that nothing is so offensive to the Good, as to see the Wicked supported ; and that nothing so much encourages the committing of Crimes, as Impunity. What happened at *Rome*, (*said Felicia*) under the Pontificate of *Innocent XI.* may prove what we have been saying ; his Predecessors had, for a long time, neglected to clear the Province of *Romania*, of an infinite number of those sort of Robbers, whom the *Italians* call *Sgherri*, whose Profession it is, to lend their hands to all sorts of Crimes, and particularly to Murders. The *Italians* are naturally inclin'd to Vengeance, but, to satisfy it, seldom care for running any Danger ; and therefore make use of a third Hand : You may easily imagine those Ministers of Iniquity are most abandon'd Villains, since they lend their Hands to any one,

one, without distinction. The Nobility, aiming at being Formidable, keep in pay great numbers of these *Sgherri*, which makes the Governors of Provinces, who are but for a certain time, tolerate these Broods of Murderers, for fear of irritating the Nobles who support them. *Romania* suffered prodigiously through these Wretches, when *Innocent XI.* being sensible of it, thought himself obliged, in Duty, to apply a Remedy to these Disorders, and pitch'd upon Cardinal *Cibo* for that Legateship: He sent for him, and told him, that knowing him to be a Prince by Birth, and of consequence incapable of Fear, or sordid Interest, which oftentimes ties the Hands of those in Authority, and blunts the Sword of Justice, he begg'd him to accept of that Government, and to free the Holy Chair from the Scandal that from thence reflected on it; assuring him, that he would endow him with a Power so unlimited, in the Execution of the severest Justice, that no Interest or Recommendation should suspend, or interfere with his Judgments. The Cardinal, who was of a mild and gentle Disposition, would rather have excused himself from accepting of this Commission: But seeing that the Pope gave it, attended with Conditions that had never been granted to any of his Predecessors, he accepted of it, and repair'd to *Ravenna*, the Capital of the Province. The Magistrates, and Nobility, coming to congratulate him on his Arrival, the Cardinal told them, in a weak and feeble Tone, that he was sorry he was pitch'd upon to fill a Place, the Authority of which might have been much better exercis'd by some other; that he was weak,

both

both in Body and Mind, that he lov'd Peace and Quietness, that he should refer every thing to their Management, only begg'd them to have God before their Eyes, in the Execution of Justice. The Inhabitants of *Ravenna* were charm'd, at having a Legate so humble and gentle; the *Banditti* in particular, rejoiced at the Impunity they promis'd themselves, under so mild a Government. But the artful Legate, had no sooner dismiss'd the Magistrates and Nobility, than sending for the *Barigello*, or Captain of the Archers, he told him, with a resolute and bold Voice, that the first Person guilty of Murder, or any other Crimes, that he suffer'd to escape, he should answer it with his Life; and that he would infallibly hang him, if he was guilty of Neglect, or Collusion, with any one whatever. The *Barigello* represented to him, that if it happen'd, as was the Custom, that the Persons accus'd should be pardon'd, by the Intercession of the Nobility, he should certainly, by some or other of them, be assassinated; the Cardinal assur'd him, that he would take such Care, that no hurt should happen to him, for doing his Duty: and so dismiss'd him, without giving him leave to answer. Three Days afterwards a Man was assassinated; the *Barigello* did as he ought, the Murderer not so much as absconding, in certain confidence of Impunity. The Cardinal was immediately surrounded by the Nobility, who begg'd his pardon for a Man, who, they all assur'd him, had not given the Blow 'till he was forc'd to it, by the intolerable Outrages he received from his Adversary. He heard coolly, and with Patience, all that could be

said in behalf of the Murderer, and answered them mildly, that he was as sorry as they were for the Accident; but that the Pope having commanded him to execute Justice, he could not prevent the Law taking its Course; so sent the Offender to the Gibbet.

THE Intercessors took Patience, this first time, flattering themselves, that their new Legate had done this by way of Example, on his first entring into his Office, and that another time he would be more tractable. Soon after, a second Murder was committed, the guilty Person taken up and thrown into Irons; the Intercessors renew'd the Attack, but could, by all their Prayers, only obtain a Delay for a few Days, during which, they had recourse to the Pope, to beg the Pardon of an only Son, who was (*they said*) the Support of an afflicted Mother, who begg'd her Son's Life; work'd up, by the fire of his Youth, into a Passion, which had unfortunately, and contrary to his Intentions, caus'd the Death of a Villain, who had deserv'd the greatest Punishments, and had, unprovok'd, attacked him first. The Pope heard all, but told them, Justice was necessary, to preserve Order and Tranquillity; and forbade any body to speak to him any more on the Behalf of the Criminal, or of any other, in the Legateship of *Ravenna*. These two Executions so exasperated those of *Ravenna*, that resolving to try their Strength with the Legate, they every day committed new Disorders: But Cardinal *Cibo*, without being discompos'd, executed, with Rigour, the Offenders. Almost all the Nobility were involved in the Crimes of these Wretches; the

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Executioner was so much employ'd, that scarce a Day past, but three or four were seen hanging at a time, to the great Astonishment of the People, who had never seen so much Severity: Here it was so usefully employ'd, that not one of those wicked Race of Men could be seen, either Night or Day, in the City. But the Cardinal's Zeal did not stop here, for being inform'd, that great Numbers of them retir'd, every Night, to a certain Inn in the open Country, not daring to appear in *Ravenna*, he gave secret Orders, that he might be supported in his Design, and repair'd to the Place, disguis'd like a Country Curate; he entred it at Midnight, begging a Lodging, because it was too late to pass further: He was soon encompass'd by an infinite Number of those Assassins, who, not knowing him, took him for what he seem'd to be; they obliged him to wait on them, and the courageous Prelate was turning the Spit, the instant the House was invested, by his Orders, by the Archers and City Militia: then the Cardinal, clapping on his red Hat, and speaking with an air of Authority, commanded them all to be tied and bound together, with the Master of the House, and his Servants, and as soon as it was Day he had them all hang'd, and the House rased. This necessary Severity has made the Name of Cardinal *Cibo* so terrible in *Romania*, that to this day they tremble, if his Name be but so much as mentioned; and the Nobility are so reduc'd, by Confiscations, that the most of them are now in the utmost Misery.

THIS (*said Urania*) is not dissembling with the Wicked: God often permits them

that spare them, to be punished in their stead ; does he not tell *Achab*, that for suffering a Man to escape, who had deserv'd Death, he, and his People, should answer for it. *Pausanias* (added *Florinda*) kill'd *Philip*, *Alexander's* Father because he would not do him Justice, tho he had often demanded it ; on the contrary, that Prince turn'd him into Ridicule before all his Court, and rais'd his Enemy to the greatest Honours. The *Romans* (said *Camilla*) are immortal Examples of severe Justice: *Horatius Tergeminus* had like to have paid with his Life, for the Anger and Indignation of the Senate, tho he was crown'd with Glory, by a famous Victory, which he had just gain'd, the glorious Marks of which, he still wore. Another instance of their Justice (said *Urania*) comes into my Mind, in the punishing the Sons of *Brutus* ; so much the more remarkable, because the executing it fell on their own Father, and the Sentence was pronounced out of his Mouth, who, on any other occasion, would have trembled with Horror at the sight of the Execution of it. They never punish'd any body so severely as *Meticius*, for breach of Faith. *Julius Caesar* (said *Florinda*) was no great Punisher of Crimes ; but for a seditious Soldier, or a Defenter, he had no Mercy, and spar'd neither Nobles nor Plebeians. All this shows, (added *Urania*) that a Prince ought not to fear being tax'd for Cruelty, in executing Justice, and putting rigorously in force the Laws of the State ; 'tis a Father chastizing his Children. A Surgeon, who, to save his Friend, and Patient's Life, puts him to incredible Pain, cannot pass for Cruel : So that,

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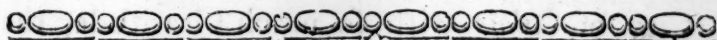
provided a Prince does nothing contrary to the publick Good, he ought always to be praised for punishing the Wicked, and for cutting off from the body of his People, the putrify'd Members, to preserve those that are whole and sound : But (*continued she*) the Sun will now give us leave to walk, and since we have paid our Tribute to the Library, let us now on the Banks of the River seek to diversify our Reflections. Accordingly they repaired to the Teras, where having walked some time, they at length seated themselves on the grassy Banks with which it was adorned. Indeed (*said Camilla*) I cannot enough admire *Urania*, she loves us, and with Goodness lets us into her Secrets ; she knows too, how much we are concerned at what touches her, yet we may see she is afraid of letting us partake in the Uneasiness which doubtless she's in for the Success of *Thelamont's* Voyage.

I own (*reply'd Urania*) I should reproach myself if I entertained you with my Thoughts, when they cannot possibly be agreeable or diverting to you : but since you desire it, I won't deny but that I very much apprehend all the Cares of *Thelamont* will be vain. We are not in an Age that thinks itself oblig'd to regard Generosity, and I with Justice believe, his Kinsman will not admit of any Accommodation with *Geronte*, because the Question is about a very considerable Estate. For me (*said Florinda*) I conjecture better for you in this Affair, not imagining that a Relation of *Thelamont* can possibly refuse him any thing ; since Persons to whom he is no ways related, cannot hinder themselves from granting him every thing

thing he desires. What you say is very obliging to him (*said Urania*) I can easily agree with you that *Thelamont* possesses every thing necessary to Persuasion ; but should he succeed with his Relation, what can he expect from *Geronte* ? The liveliest Gratitude (*said Felicia*) and were he a hundred times more odd-tempered than he is, I am convinced he would be sensible of a Service of such importance. Question it not (*said Camilla*) *Geronte* is in nothing blameable except his Love for you, but that Passion does not blind his Eyes towards his Friends : What other Fault has he, but his designing to force you to marry him, or not to marry at all during his Life ? In every thing else, he is an honest Man, and his Gratitude will carry him further lengths than perhaps you expect. You flatter me (*said Urania*) with pleasing Hopes, and as I very much wish it, and as it is you that insinuate it into my Heart, I give way to it so much the easier. As for me (*said Camilla*) I believe the Proverb, A good Turn is never lost : If he to whom we do it is ungrateful, Heaven rewards us, sooner or later we meet with our Recompence.

I think, to divert your Ideas and amuse you, I must tell you a Story to this purpose, which will lead us to the Moral this Proverb contains. I tell it you only as a Fable, but I think these sort of Amusements are not entirely unworthy of great Minds, especially when by that we gain Lights that lead us to Truth. What you say, is very just, (*reply'd Urania* :) A Fable often includes a severe Moral, and it has the greater Effect on us, because it is introduced
to

to us under the disguise of Pleasure. I'm of your Opinion, (*said Felicia*) *Phædrus*, *Higin*, and the famous *Æsop*, sufficiently warrant what you say. When from a Tale or Fable (*added Camilla*) good Reflections may be taken, it becomes as useful as History. I may venture then to tell you what I mentioned, without fear of fatiguing you; for tho' it is a Romance and a Fable, it leads us to that Solidity you mention: and tho' it were only to divert you for an Hour, and to put me upon a footing with *Florinda*, who has so much recommended to us the Princess of *Ponthieu*, I should think my time very well employ'd. I see (*said Urania smiling*) that the Inclination you have of telling a Story, has some little Effect upon you; but no matter, we will with pleasure embrace all opportunities of listening to you. Upon this, *Camilla* begun thus.



The History of JOHN of CALAIS.

WHAT I am going to tell you, is taken out of a Book called the fabulous History of the House of the Kings of *Portugal*. I shall make no Alteration in it, nor pretend to embellish it. On the *North of France*, bordering on the Sea, is a City called *Calais*. One of the chiefest Men, and greatest Merchants of this City, had an only Son, on whom he had bestowed all the Education necessary for forming his Mind and Body. Nature had endow'd him with the Charms of the one, and the Graces of the other; in so much that he soon outwent his Master's hopes. He applied himself

himself in particular to the Art of Navigation, and when he had join'd the *Præctick* part to *Theory*, he was the most valiant and excellent Sailor of his time: his youthful Courage not letting him languish in slothful Ease, he persuaded his Father to equip him a Vessel of Strength sufficient to clear the Coast of an infinite number of Pyrates, drawn thither by the great Trade of the Inhabitants of *Calais*, and who committed a thousand outrages on those Seas. His Father praised his Courage, and furnished him with every thing in abundance, that could be necessary for so noble a Design. All things being ready, he set sail, and his Valour, supported by his Prudence, succeeded so well, that having overcome those Sea-Robbers in several Engagements, he so entirely destroyed them, that there was not one to be seen. This News filled the Inhabitants of the City of *Calais* with so much Gratitude, that they prepar'd for him Triumphal Arches, adding to his Name that of their City, as owing to him its Tranquillity, and the Security of its Commerce: This it is that has made the Historian distinguish him by no other Name but that of *John of Calais*. This young Hero was ready by his Return to have enjoyed the Honours that waited for him, when his Ship was attacked by a violent Storm, that carried him into Seas out of his knowledge. The Tempest being over, and *John of Calais* having made use of all that Art or Experience had taught him to find Land, he at length discover'd an *Island*; he made towards it, and having put out his Boat, he, and seven of his Men, landed by the side of a Wood, into which he
and

and his Soldiers entered. He was very much surpris'd to find it cut into large and beautiful Walks, such a thing seeming very extraordinary to him, in a Country that he thought uninhabited or barbarous. But his Astonishment very much augmented, when, on going further, he heard somebody talking in *Flemish*, a Language to which he was much accusom'd. He directed his Steps to the place where he heard the Voice, and saw three Men richly dress'd, who came up to him in a polite manner. *John of Calais* begged them to tell him, in what Country he was, and whether he and his Company might find safety. Whoever you are (*reply'd one who seem'd to be the Chief amongst them*) I am surpris'd that you should not know you are in *Otimania*, a flourishing State, where reigns the justest King in the World, whose Wisdom has constituted the Laws to which he himself submits; and in the religious Observation of which, the Happiness of this Empire consists: regret not that you are arriv'd, you will be in safety. Get upon that height (*added he*) which hides from you the great and stately City of *Palmania* Capital to these rich Dominions, you'll see a noble River, which forms the finest Port in the Universe, where Ships of all Nations are now riding in security. *John of Calais* thanked him; and charm'd with his good Fortune, he advanced to the Top of the Hill, from whence he discovered a most delicious Country, and descending, enter'd into that Capital: but being come to a large Square, he saw the Body of a Man tearing in pieces by Dogs. This Object struck him with Horrour, and he repented that he had engaged himself so far. Never-

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theless he asked, why in so great a City, the Laws of which had been represented to him as most wise, there was no one to be found that had Charity enough to bestow Burial on that unfortunate Corps. He was answered, that it underwent the Law, which ordered that the Bodies of all who dy'd without paying their Debts, should be thrown out to the Dogs, and their Souls remain wandring, without being suffer'd to enjoy the Repose reserv'd for the Just. That this Punishment was inflicted thus publicly, because oftentimes there were found People generous enough to pay those Wretches Debts, and bury their Bodies. This was enough to excite the Compassion of the noble Soul of *John of Calais*; he immediately caused to be published by Sound of Trumpet throughout the City, that if the Creditors of that Man, would come to him and make out their Debts, he would pay them. The next Day having caused his Ship to enter the Port, he took Money sufficient to perform his Promise, and having paid them all exactly, he buried the Debtor's Corps in an honourable manner.

A F T E R having received the Praises such an Action merited from the supreme Magistrate and People, he set himself about taking the Longitude and Latitude of this delightful Region, that he might make it known to his Country, and open a way to a Commerce that might be useful to both Nations. One Evening that he was retiring pretty early to his Ship, he saw another Vessel came and cast Anchor close to his. On the Deck of which, he saw two Ladies drown'd in Tears; they were magnificently drefs'd,

dress'd, and their Air made *John of Calais* judge them to be of distinguish'd birth. Upon Inquiry, he found the Ships belong'd to a *Corfsair*, just arrived, and that those two persons were Slaves, whom he would sell the next Day. The tender Heart of *John of Calais* was touch'd with their Misfortune, he immediately resolv'd to free them from their Distress. Accordingly he sent to the Pyrate, and without haggling, gave him what he asked for them, and brought them on board his own Vessel. But how was he surprized, when, they having thrown aside their Veils, he saw two young Beauties capable of moving the most savage Soul! Their Tears added to their Charms, and seem'd to serve them for Arms to conquer the Hearts of their Beholders; one of them made the most lively Impression on that of *John of Calais*. After having given some time to the Admiration which his dawning Love had rais'd in him, he comforted them, told them they were free, that he had the greatest respect imaginable for them, and had taken them out of the Hands of the Pyrate, only to restore them to their Parents without any Ransom. These generous Words encouraged the beautiful Captives. The noble Air of *John of Calais*, and the Gracefulness that accompanied all his Actions, touch'd their Hearts, and in the most obliging Terms they express'd their Gratitude. Soon after he set Sail, and arriv'd happily on the Coast of *Albion*, where he was forced, by stress of Weather, to put in: During the Voyage, he was constantly with his Slaves, and being young, insinuating, and form'd to please; he soon found the way to the Heart of her that had charm'd him. Love had

wounded them so deeply with the same Arrow, that they could no long time conceal it ; they lov'd, confess'd it to each other, and only consulting the Vivacity of their Sentiments, they vow'd an eternal Passion. When *John of Calais* was assured of his Happiness, he begg'd that young Beauty to tell him who she was, and by what accident she and her Companion had been taken by the Pyrate : Think not (*added he*) that my Curiosity has any disobliging Motive ; whosoever you are, there is nothing but what I think beneath you : and to convince you of what I say, I this moment, without knowing any thing more, promise you, if you'll accept of me, to be your Husband. I receive with pleasure (*reply'd the beautiful Slave*) the Faith you offer me ; I give you mine, and shall place my whole Happiness in being united to you for ever ; but for my Birth, give me leave to conceal it, because it is necessary for my Repose. Let it suffice that Heaven has not made me unworthy of you ; my Name is *Constance*, and my Companion's *Isabella*. I am no ways offended at your Curiosity, neither be you at my Silence ; our Love requires it of me. I ought to conceal myself, that I may be yours, and I will endeavour to forget every thing that may hinder me from following an Inclination stronger than my Reason.

JOHN of *Calais* was too much in Love to press the charming *Constance* any further, after such a Confession ; he promis'd, he would never more mention it ; and without farther Consultation, they were immediately married.

ISABELLA, who had been Witness of their Love and Union, took the Opportunity

nity, whilst *John of Calais* was busied in giving Directions about the Ship, to testify to *Constance*, the Surprize she was in, at what she had done: What! Madam, (*said she*) Can Love have so far blinded you, as to make you forget who you are? Do you expect always to be conceal'd; and will not the Bands, you have just tied, be dissolved, the Moment 'tis discover'd where you are? I speak not on my own account; in whatever Obscurity you cause me to live, attach'd to you, I shall be pleas'd; your Glory, alone, touches me, and I cannot, without Grief, see you abandon the most splendid Expectations to follow your Passion. I am not angry, dear *Isabella*, (*reply'd Constance*) at your Discourse, I have a thousand times said the same thing to myself; but Love governs: The glorious Fate you mention, is dreadful to me, since I cannot share it with the Man I love; and I think the Obscurity you complain of, preferable to the most exalted State, since it enables me to follow my Inclinations. My Marriage cannot be broken whilst I conceal myself, and I will always do so, 'till I find it cannot be made null, without a far greater reflection on my Honour, than my marrying the most amiable Man living; and since you love me well enough not to quit me, carry your Tenderness so far, as to cherish my Ease, and never to discover the Secret on which it depends. Thus she enjoin'd Silence on her Companion; who seeing no Remedy, for what she term'd a Misfortune, she resolv'd to obey.

HAPPY *John of Calais*, charm'd with the Possession of *Constance*, thank'd Heaven for
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the Blessing, and loaded with the Favours of Love and Fortune, he re-embark'd, and the Winds, favourable to his Wishes, carried him safe into the Port of *Calais*. The News of his Return was soon spread; his Father, and all the Inhabitants of the City, met and received him, paying him all the Honours his Heroick Actions merited. But how was that young Hero afflicted, to find that his Father did not approve of his Marriage with *Constance*! The sincere Account he gave him, how he found her, irritated his Anger; and however great a Description he gave him of her Virtues, and his Passion, that severe Father could not forgive him for entring into an Engagement apparently so much beneath him: he did his utmost to make him quit her; but he declared he would sooner die, that he had given his Faith to the Person in the World he thought the most deserving, and that he would keep it to his Grave. The old Man, more and more provoked at this Resistance, banished him his House, notwithstanding all the Sollicitations of the chief Men of the City, who interceded in his Behalf, and ordered him never to appear before him again. *John* of *Calais* sensibly affected at the Wrong his Father did his dear *Constance*, retired to a House near the Port with her and her faithful Companion. The Quarrel between the Father and Son could not be conceal'd from her, her Pride was alarmed; and notwithstanding all her Love, she was sensible of the Contempt her Husband's Father showed her. Yet it did not alter her, still tender and faithful, she endeavoured to comfort *John* of *Calais*: scarce had she been married a Year, when she was brought

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brought to bed of a Son, who engaged all the Attention of that dear Husband for several Years, that were spent without his being able to soften his Father. But at length, pressed by their common Friends, he consented to equip *John* of *Calais* with a second Ship, to establish a Commerce with the Nations he had discovered, hoping that Absence would make him forget *Constance* and her Son. The Vessel was soon ready, and tho' it flattered *John* of *Calais* with the Hopes of acquiring new Fame, he could not see the Day of his Departure draw near without the utmost Affliction, for being obliged to part from a Wife and Child he lov'd tenderly. *Constance*, on her side, was not more easy; the dangers *John* of *Calais* was going to expose himself to, and the fear of being forgot by him, equally afflicted her; she shed Tears on the Bosom of her dear *Isabella*, who shared her Grief with a Zeal worthy of them both. But at length, Love inspir'd *Constance* with the Means of retaining her Husband's Affections and of obliging her Father to blush at his cruel Usage of her. She hid her Design from the faithful *Isabella*, apprehending that she would not approve of it; but finding that the Time for *John* of *Calais*'s departure was arriv'd, she threw herself at his Feet, and begged him not to refuse her two Favours she had to ask of him. Her fond Husband raised her up, and embracing her with all the liveliest Marks of an extreme Passion, assured her that there was nothing he would not grant her. I beg you then (*reply'd she*) to let there be drawn a Picture of me, my Son, and *Isabella*, and let it be hung in your Cabin; this done, and the Day for your setting

setting Sail come, I will tell you the second Favour I demand of your Tendernefs. *John of Calais* finding nothing in this Request but what flattered his Passion, by giving him an opportunity to have always before his Eyes what was dearest to him, consented to it with Pleasure ; he employed the ablest Painters he could meet with, who worked with so much expedition, that they did not delay *John of Calais's* Voyage, who seeing the Wind favourable, was willing to make use of it. Then the generous *Constance*, accompanying him to his very Ship, 'This is the Day (*said she, her Eyes bath'd in Tears*) whereon you are to grant me my second Request, refuse it not therefore, since you have promised me : Steer your Course to *Lisbon*, and anchor as near as possible to the Castle ; you will there see how I love you, and what Sacrifices my Passion has made to you. 'Tho' *John of Calais* could not comprehend the meaning of her Discourse, yet he promised to obey her punctually : They embraced each other, and with the greatest difficulty parted. He at length set Sail, his Soul filled with Love, Hope, and Grief. He kept his Word with *Constance*, and his Voyage being happy, he cast Anchor directly under the Castle of *Lisbon*. The Arrival and Beauty of his Vessel, attracted almost all the City on board of him. Even the King of *Portugal's* Curiosity was raised, and being willing to gratify it, he descended from his Castle, attended by a numerous Court.

JOHN of *Calais* received him with all the Honours due to his royal Majesty. That Prince was charmed with his good Mien, his Wit, and the Air of Grandeur which appeared
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in all his Actions. He carefully examined the Construction of his Ship, but when he had cast his Eyes on the Picture that adorned the Cabin, he could not help showing his Astonishment by a Cry that drew the Eyes of all the Court on the same Object: They all seemed as much concerned as the King; but he keeping silence, they did not dare to do otherwise, but kept their thoughts concealed. *John of Calais*, surprized at the Alterations he saw in the King's Countenance, with the greatest respect, asked him the occasion of it, and begg'd to know if any thing in his Ship had been so unfortunate as to displease him. No (*reply'd the King endeavouring to recover himself*) I'm charm'd at your coming hither, you shall be receiv'd as you deserve, but I forbid your departure without my leave. At these Words he retired, and his Court followed him without venturing to open their mouths, at what they had seen; the King retired to his Closet, his Soul fluctuating with so many different Emotions, that he could scarce himself dis-intricate them: He saw plainly, that they that were with him had the same Ideas; he therefore resolved to inform himself of the Truth as soon as possible, that his Courtiers might not divulge what he was willing nobody should know but himself. He therefore sent for *John of Calais*. This young Warrior was not easier than the King, he could not imagine what had occasioned the Concern he showed at the Sight of the Picture. The last Words of that dear Wife came into his mind, and comparing them with the King's behaviour, he was endeavouring to penetrate into the Mystery; when he received the King's

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Commands; he obeyed, leaving to Heaven the clearing up of an Affair, which at present seemed so mysterious.

THE King took him with him into his Closet, and after having commanded his Attendants to withdraw, looking graciously on him; I am persuaded (*said he*) that what past just now, has given you some uneasiness, it has me, I confess: but it is in your power to free me from it without difficulty.—I find in myself an Inclination to favour you, and will spare nothing to convince you of it, if you will deal with me with that sincerity I desire.

AN Ambition for Glory (*reply'd John of Calais, bowing with profound respect*) never entered into a Mind less capable of Dissimulation;—Honour and Probity have ever been the Guide of all my Words and Actions—I would not fail in them to my worst Enemies. Judge then, great Prince, if I can be base to a Monarch, whose Vertues are my Admiration. Well then (*said the King*) you may with ease resolve me who those two Women and Child are, whom I saw painted in your Cabin. One of them, Sir (*reply'd John of Calais*) is my Wife, the Child is hers and mine;—the other is a Friend of hers, who, with her, I redeemed from Slavery.—The King of Portugal fetched a deep Sigh at these Words, and shedding some Tears, which he could not restrain, Which of them (*cry'd he*) is your Wife?—The most beautiful (*reply'd John of Calais*) What is her Name? (*resumed the impatient Monarch.*) Constance (*answered he*) and that of her Companion, is Isabella. Ah! (*cry'd the King*) it is no longer to be doubted! But (*added he*) be still

still sincere, and tell me at what Time, and by what Means they came into your hands, and what occasioned your marrying with *Constance*? *John of Calais*, without any hesitation, told the King of *Portugal* all that had ever happened to him, during his whole Life; and tho' he spoke with great modesty, he said enough to let him see of how much Use to his Country his Valour had been: He then told of his being driven on the Coasts of *Otomania*, his Adventure about the dead Body, and the Manner in which he had found *Constance* and *Isabella*. I adored *Constance* (*said he*) from the first moment I saw her, but when I had a little conversed with her, I admired her Couarge and Vertue, in supporting her Misfortunes, and I thought it my greatest Happiness to be united to her for ever: I was happy enough to please her, she accepted my Faith, but has, with care, concealed from me who she is; 'tis true indeed, I never press'd her much on that point. My Heart, pleas'd with her Vertue, disdain'd to inform itself of what least pleases generous Minds; *Mine*, preferring the *Slave* that merited Crowns, to Queens whose Sentiments correspond not with the Grandeur of their Birth. I have a Son, in whom consists mine, and his Mother's Happiness; it is in obedience to her. I am come hither: I am ignorant of her design in it, as I am of yours in the recital you have exacted from me.—But this I know, that nothing shall ever alter my Passion for my dear *Constance*, or separate me from her.

THIS, most worthy Prince, is the exact Truth of what you have desired to know; and I shall think myself most fortunate, if by it, I

gain the Esteem I wish for, among the Nations where *Chance* or *Design* may carry me. Yes (*reply'd the King*) your Vertue has found the way to my Heart; and in return for your Sincerity, know, that the Wife so dear to you, is the Princess my Daughter, only Heiress of this Kingdom; and that her Companion *Isabella*, is Daughter to the Duke of *Casca*. O Heaven! (*cry'd John of Calais*) what Glory is it for me to have preserved this Treasure for you! but alas, in what Afflictions will not this Adventure overwhelm me! No, no (*reply'd the King*) apprehend nothing, I am as generous as you are: Without knowing my Daughter for any thing but a *Slave*, you have not disdained to marry her, and have not attacked her Vertue by a criminal Passion, tho' she was intirely in your power; but have freed her from a condition in which her Vertue might have been triumph'd over. You love her, and are dear to her: Her care, in concealing her Birth from you, convinces me of it; for without doubt she apprehended, if she were discovered, that I might hinder a match which my ignorance of your Worth might make me think unequal.—She begged you to come hither with her Picture, sure of my knowing it, and that your Merit would touch my Soul as it had done hers. Besides, having brought you a Son, her Glory requires now as much that she should be your Wife, as before it would have forbid such an Alliance. I accept of you therefore as my Son in Law, and (*continued that great Prince*) I adopt your Son as my own. *John of Calais* cou'd not here forbear interrupting him.—He threw himself at his Feet, and
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in the most touching Expressions acknowledged the Sense he had of his Goodness for him, and his Love for the Princess. The King raised him up with Tenderness : My Consent is not enough (*added that Prince*) dear *John of Calais*, my Council must approve of it ; but I shall let them know that it is my will and pleasure it should be so : and the Joy my People will have in once more seeing that Princess, will make them agree to every thing. Then that Monarch told him, that about the time mentioned in his account, *Constance* and *Isabella* had been carried away by *Corsairs* ; who, apprised of their Custom of walking by the Seashore with a slender Retinue, had hid themselves behind a Rock, and rushing on them, forced them into their Boat, before the Guards, who waited at some distance, could come to their Relief :—That he had for five Years done his utmost to discover where they were, but in vain ; which had thrown him into a deep melancholy, out of which, nothing but the noise of his Arrival could have raised him :—I thank Heaven it did, since by that I am restored to what is most dear to me.

AFTER this, the Nobles were called in, who had attended him on board the Ship of *John of Calais* ; and having asked them what they thought of the Picture they had seen, they all cry'd, that it was that of their lost Princess *Constance*, and the Duke of *Casca's* Daughter. The King told them the whole matter, and as *John of Calais* had entertained them with the greatest Magnificence, they all agreed that he was worthy of possessing what he had preserved. The King assembled his Council, and proposed
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the thing to them as what was very much at his heart. They all consented, only Don *John*, first Prince of the Blood, opposed strongly the Succession of the Son of *John of Calais*; but tho' his Eloquence was animated by secret and powerful Reasons, yet he was forced to yield to so great a Majority. The King thinking he had spoken out of his regard to the Glory and Interest of the Kingdom, was not at all angry with him, but as it was resolved that a Fleet should be equipt to go and fetch this Princess, he gave the command of it to Don *John*, and ordered *John of Calais* to accompany him. This Honour did not atone for his Loss; — this Prince had for a long time passionately loved the beautiful *Constance*, he was Nephew to the King, and consequently Heir to the Crown after *Constance*; but his Love having set bounds to his Ambition, he had flattered himself with the Hopes of one day marrying her. The loss of this Princess had cooled his amorous Desires, and waked his Pretensions to the Crown: but when he was informed that she was alive, and in the Arms of another, who would rob him at the same time of his Mistress and Kingdom; Love and Ambition resumed their Forces, and joined themselves with the firmest Hatred and Jealousy that a happy Rival could possibly inspire into the Soul of Man. Full of these Sentiments, did Don *John* embark with *John of Calais*, whose Vertue and Joy either prevented him from entertaining any Suspicions, or made him reject them.

AN Advice-Boat was instantly dispatched to *Constance*, to give her Notice of all that had happened at *Lisbon*, and to prepare her for her

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her departure. That beautiful Princess had lived in the greatest Retirement, ever since the Absence of her Husband ; her Son and *Isabella* were her only Company, she often talked with her of the Surprize she imagined her Father would be in. *Isabella*, who knew nothing of her design till after *John of Calais* was gone, trembled in her mind, lest the King should treat him ill ; she hinted her apprehensions to the Princess, but in a tender manner, for fear of alarming her. The Princess penetrating into her Meaning, comforted her. The King my Father (*said she*) loves me fondly, he will be transported to see me again, the Vertue of *John of Calais* will touch him ; in short, I'm convinced I shall be compleatly happy. But, Madam, if you think so (*reply'd Isabella*) why did you not do this sooner ? What has hindered you from informing the King your Father all this while ? My Love (*reply'd the Princess*) I stay'd till Heaven had heard my Prayers in making me a Mother, that the King my Father might find my Reputation concerned in the cementing my Marriage ; and had not my Husband design'd this Voyage, I should have engaged him to it, towards effecting what I had projected. But Madam, (*added Isabella*) suppose the King disapproves of your Love, and will not acknowledge *John of Calais* as your Husband ? I shall have the Satisfaction (*reply'd the Princess*) to have convinced the Man I love, of my Affection for him, in giving up the Throne I was born to ; and of letting his Father see, that she he looks on, as a vile Slave, might have been a Queen, if she had had less esteem for his Son. 'Twas in such Discourses they spent

spent the time of his Absence. In the mean time Don *John* made such haste, and the Winds were so favourable, that the Squadron arrived almost as soon as the Packet-Boat. On the News it brought, all the Country was in motion, every body strove to pay their Respects to the Princess, whose Joy cannot be described, at seeing her Design succeed so well for her and her dear Husband. *John* of *Calais*'s Father, repenting of the Contempt he had used her with, was the first to engage the whole City to pay her the Honours that her Birth and Quality required, he begg'd her pardon, before them all, for his former want of Respect, and acted with so much Zeal, that the Princess embraced him, and calling him Father, assured him she would forget what was past, and did with ease forgive it, for the sake of her Husband, who was much dearer to her than her Life. Scarce had the Princess receiv'd the Compliments of the City, when the Port resounded with a thousand Acclamations of Joy, that gave Notice of the Arrival of the Fleet. The Inhabitants, magnificently drest, placed themselves under Arms, and marched in good order to receive Don *John*, and *John* of *Calais*; who landed under a general Discharge of the Cannons of the Fort and Fleet, and Sound of Trumpets and Kettle-Drums. The Streets were crowded with his People, the Windows filled with Ladies, and they were attended by an infinite number of People of fashion to the Town-House, where the chief Magistrate had placed the Princess and her Son, and *Isabella*, to do them more honour. She received her Husband and Don *John* at the Entrance of the Hall,

Hall, surrounded with all the Ladies of Quality, and Distinction of the Place. Don *John*, as Ambassador, advanced the first, and putting one Knee to the Ground, kiss'd her Hand, *John* of *Calais* attempted to do the same; but the Princess, far from suffering it, opening her Arms, threw herself into his Embraces, telling him that it was not fitting he should pay her any such Respect, but share with her in receiving it. The Love of this constant Pair, mov'd the whole Assembly, and nothing was to be heard for some time, but long live *John* of *Calais*, and the Princess of *Portugal*. So many Marks of Regard from the Citizens, and Love from the Princess, distracted the Soul of Don *John*; nevertheless he restrained himself, and pretending that his orders were of too great Importance to be made publick, he demanded a private Audience of *Constance*. But that Princess who knew the bottom of his Heart, being willing to prevent a Conversation that would be disagreeable to her, told him aloud, that she had no Secret for her Husband, that he might declare himself before him, and that she so well knew the King's goodness towards *John* of *Calais*, that she might communicate his Instructions to him as well as her. Don *John* was thoroughly touched at this refusal, for he had formerly declared his Passion to the Princess, but had been always treated with Indifference. Therefore he did not doubt but this Behaviour of hers, was owing to the fear she had of hearing his Complaints, and the disdain she had for his Passion; he resolved to be revenged, but dissembling his rage and designs, he gave the Princess an exact

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Account of all that had pass'd between the King and *John* of *Calais*, and concluded with conjuring her in the Name of that Prince to depart instantly. *Constance* reply'd, that she was ready, and that nothing could retain the impatience she had to tender her Thanks to her Father for all his great goodness. After all these Ceremonies, as disagreeable to the happy Couple as to the unfortunate *Don John*, he retired into the Apartment prepared for him, and left the Princess and *John* of *Calais* at liberty to entertain each other. What did not these tender Lovers say? with what Ardour did he not express the lively Sense he had of the Sacrifice *Constance* had made to him in concealing her Birth and Quality? and what Joy did she not express, at the being able to share her Honours with him? I should never have done, were I to repeat all that pass'd between them. To shorten therefore a History, the Sequel of which has something much more surprizing in it than any thing I have yet told you; I shall only say, that *Constance*, and *John* of *Calais*, rewarded magnificently the Inhabitants of the Town, for the Zeal they had express'd in their Service, and finding the Winds favourable, they resolv'd to make use of them.

THIS charming Family, compos'd of *Constance*, her Husband and Son, and the faithful *Isabella*, departed from *Calais* for *Lisbon*; all the Town waiting on them to the Ship, and wishing them everlasting Happiness: *Don John* gave Orders for setting Sail, cursing, in his Soul, the Winds, for being favourable to his Rival: But alas! he had not long reason to complain of them; on the third Day after they

they left *Calais*, the Heavens were darkned with black Clouds, the Winds became Outrageous, and the tempestuous Sea was tore up with the dreadfulest Storm that ever was seen : The Lightning, Thunder, Tempest, and impetuous Waves, at once, and incessantly, attack'd the unfortunate Fleet. *John* of *Calais* put in practice all his Knowledge to preserve the Ship, that contain'd all that was dear to him : Love, who animated him, seem'd to assist his Industry. But the Traytor, *Don John*, who watch'd him incessantly, seeing him busy in the height of the Storm, full of Rage and Jealousy, he took his Opportunity, and without being seen by any body, coming behind him, he push'd him into the Sea, the high and tempestuous Waves of which, soon hid him from the Sight of his barbarous Murderer. In the mean time, the Storm carried the Vessel, in which was *Constance* and *Don John*, at so swift a Rate, that they had made a vast way before they miss'd *John* of *Calais*. But the Princess, whose Thoughts were always on him, alarm'd at not seeing him, ask'd for him, had him sought for, and every one seeking to obey her, there was soon heard dreadful Exclamations, that told that unfortunate Spouse, that he was not to be found. I cannot find Expressions strong enough to describe her Despair; the Tempest no longer frightned her, a stronger Terror gave her Courage, she ran upon Deck, weeps, calls her dear Husband; and the profound Abyss of that dismal Element, resounded with that dear Name. Perfidious *Don John* approach'd, and busy'd himself as much as any one, in seeking for him, and, too well satisfied of the Truth of

what he said, he cry'd, that the Wind must certainly have thrown him overboard. How dreadful must this News be to so fond a Wife! She tore her Hair, beat her Face, and Life appearing odious to her, to put at end to it, she endeavour'd to throw herself into the Sea: Don *John* placed himself before her, *Isabella* embraced her Knees, there was not a Sailor that did not leave every thing he was about, to prevent her Design. But their Cares are vain, strengthen'd by her Grief, she's on the point of breaking through all Obstacles, when *Isabella* brought her Son to her, who, stretching forth his Arms to her, seem'd to beg her to live longer for his sake: this Object struck her, astonish'd, and stopt her, and without calming her Despair, deprives her of the Courage of following its impulse; and no longer able to support her Misfortunes, she fell down into a Swoon in the Arms of *Isabella*: they took this Opportunity to convey her off Deck, into the Cabin, *Isabella* and Don *John* did their utmost to bring her to herself; they succeeded, but nothing could assuage her Grief, the Name of *John* of *Calais* was incessantly in her Mouth. Don *John* endeavour'd to comfort her; but the loss of her Husband having redoubled her hatred for that Prince, she would not hear him, but even order'd him not to appear before her the rest of the Voyage. The Tempest abated, the Sea became calm, and this afflicted Fleet arrived at *Lisbon*, without any other Accident: The Presence of the Princess gave a universal Joy to that Court; but when the King, receiving her in his Arms, and, by her Tears and Groans, inform'd of her Loss, he joined his

his Tears with hers, and participated in her Grief. The News of this Misfortune was no sooner known, but the Nobles and People express'd the sense they had of it by a universal Mourning; Don *John* alone felt a secret Joy, hoping that Time would put an end to the Love and Grief of *Constance*. But to hasten his Happiness, he, underhand, by Cabals that were not to be discover'd, occasioned a Revolt among the *Algarvi*, knowing, very well, that he should have the Command of the Army, rais'd to reduce them. He was not deceiv'd, the King employ'd him to chastise those Rebels; charm'd with the Success of his Design, he march'd against them, who were retrench'd on the Banks of a River, and attacking them, forced their Retrenchments, and, after a Combat of six Hours, he gain'd a compleat Victory; and, pushing his good Fortune, he took all their Cities, and in an exemplary manner punish'd the Authors of a Rebellion he himself had fomented: he again reduc'd the *Algarvi* to their Obedience to the King of *Portugal*, and returning to *Lisbon*, receiv'd the Honours of a Triumph decreed him by the States of the Nation: But this was not enough; he, by his Intrigues, engaged them to demand the Princess in Marriage for him, on Condition, that her Son should reign after her. This Match was so agreeable, that the States accordingly did so, and the King, no ways opposing a Demand that seem'd so reasonable, propos'd it to the Princess, who could not hear it without Despair, and she protested to the King, that she would sooner kill herself than marry the Man she hated: But, Interest
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of State prevailing, she was forced to obey, and the day was fix'd for celebrating the Marriage, which the People impatiently wish'd for; the same time was appointed for Don *John's* Triumph, on which occasion there was to be a Fire-work, built up several Stories high, as a most Magnificent and unusual Spectacle.

TWO Years had elapsed since the loss of *John* of *Calais*, of whom it is now time to speak: The Sea had not been so fatal to him as Don *John* had hoped, that unfortunate Husband, met with a piece of a Wreck, on which he had preserv'd himself, and struggling a long time, with the Fury of the Waves, he was at length cast on a Desert Island, where he got on Shore, in the Condition you may easily judge a Man in, who had escap'd such a Danger. Reflecting on his cruel Adventure, notwithstanding the Grief he felt, in being separated from *Constance*, and his Son, he thank'd Heaven for having preserved his Life; hoping, through its Mercies, once more to meet with those dear Objects. With these pious Thoughts he search'd the whole Island, from one end to the other, without finding any Tokens of its being inhabited, he saw none but timid Animals, with whom he was forced to declare War, to preserve the Life the Waves had spared: He thus spent the two Years of *Constance's* Mourning, without meeting with the least thing that might flatter him with the Hopes of ever seeing her again; he began to despair, when one day, walking on the Shore, he saw a Man, at a distance, coming towards him: his Heart was fill'd with Joy, and making up
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to it, with the Hope that his dependance on Providence, had, by some unthought of Means, sent him a Relief. I thought (*said he, accosting him*) that I had been the only Man on this Island; having never been able to discover the least Signs of its being inhabited: I no longer flatter'd my self with any Hopes of getting off it, but with your Assistance, perhaps, we may contrive some method I never thought of. 'Tis true (*reply'd the unknown, in a grave Voice*) this Island was uninhabited before your Arrival; as for me, I am but just now come here. How can that be (*answer'd John of Calais*) I cannot see a Ship that can have brought you. The way I came (*said he*) is unknown to Man: I find (*continued he, seeing that John of Calais was astonish'd*) that you are surpriz'd at what I say, but will be much more so when I shall tell you, that I am come only on your account. I know you, *John of Calais*, and your Misfortunes, and the Treachery of *Don John*; but know, this is not all the Affliction he prepares for you, he is ready to marry your Wife, who loves you tenderly, and tho she thinks your Death certain, still continues faithful to you: Paternal Authority alone, and Reasons of State, force her to give her Hand to that Traitor; to-morrow is appointed for their Marriage, which will be the last of her Life, if you do not appear. Good God! (*cry'd John of Calais*) How can I, in my Condition, prevent all these Misfortunes? Alas! I with Patience bore the Misfortunes I was plunged into, I pray'd to Heaven, and trusted in its delivering me hence, since it had preserv'd my Life: Your sight had added to my Hopes, but what you say,

say, throws me into the utmost Despair ; my perfidious Rival will be the Possessor of *Constance*, if I do not appear !—— he will be so in a Day's-time. Alas ! How can I appear ? The swiftest sailing Vessel, and the most favourable Wind, if I had them, would do me no good ; nothing can end my Grief but Death. Moderate your Transports, (*reply'd the unknown*) I told you I came here purely on your account ; promise to give me half of that which is most dear to you, and in return I will swear to you, to hinder the Marriage and Triumph of *Don John* : you may guess at my Power by what I have told you ; resign yourself therefore to the Divine Providence, resume your Courage, and continue a just Observer of the Laws, and you shall one day know, why Heaven interests itself on your Behalf. *John of Calais* was so surpriz'd at what he heard, and at the Confidence with which the Man spoke to him, that he question'd whether he was awake ; but reflecting, that nothing could happen to him worse than what he was just threatned with, and not being able to discover whether it was true or false, at that time, he resolv'd to be guided by the unknown, and promised him therefore all he ask'd.

THEY then set down under a Tree, and his extraordinary Companion told him all that had pass'd at the Court of *Portugal*, since his pretended Death, and *Constance's* Efforts to preserve her Faith inviolable. During this Account, *John of Calais* could not preserve himself from a Drowziness that attack'd him ; and, notwithstanding the Concern he had in what he heard, he fell asleep : But how was he

he astonish'd, when, on waking, he found himself in one of the Courts of the Castle of *Lisbon* ! He look'd all round him, and, convinc'd that he was not deceiv'd, he no longer questioned the Power of him who had brought him thither ; but he was very much at a loss, how to gain sight of the Princess : The miserable Condition he was in, his Clothes in Tatters, his Feet naked, his Beard of a length proportionable to the time he had been lost, made him, with Justice, conclude, that he should not be known ; yet the Hopes which animated him, made him resolve to enter one of the Kitchens, an Officer of which, taking Compassion on him, suffer'd him to approach the Fire, and immediately employ'd him in carrying Wood to the Offices. He acquitted himself exactly of the Commission, still contriving some Method to see the Princess ; he apprehended, that the Preparations he saw making, were for the Feast, so fatal to his Happiness ; and his Heart was bleeding with Grief, at his not being able to find any Expedient to prevent it, when, by chance, *Isabella* cross'd the Court in which he was. *John* of *Calais* knew her again, and look'd on her so attentively, that she could not help taking notice of him ; she could not but recollect Features so well ingrav'd in her Mind ; the Resemblance this Wretch had with *John* of *Calais*, struck her, and viewing him from Head to Foot, she cast her Eyes on his Hands, which he endeavour'd to show her, and saw a Diamond Ring on his Finger, which she knew had been given heretofore by *Constance*, to that dear Husband, and which he had preserv'd,

notwithstanding all his Misfortunes. She then no longer doubted, but that it was *John of Calais* himself; but not discovering her Thoughts, she went immediately to the Princess's Apartment, and told her what she had seen; adding, that she did not venture to speak to him, before so many Witnesses, 'till she had received her Instructions. *Constance*, without consulting, immediately begg'd *Isabella* to contrive some way to let her see him; she ran, and finding him loaded with Wood, order'd him to carry it into the Princess's Closet, who waited for them with the utmost Impatience. *John of Calais* obey'd, put the Wood in the Place that *Isabella* show'd him, and seeing no body present to restrain him, and the Princess looking on him attentively, he threw himself at her Feet. At this Action, *Constance* easily discover'd, under this wretched Disguise, the Man in the World the dearest to her; she was ready to die with Joy, and leaping into his Arms, their Sighs, Tears and Embraces alone express'd the Motion of their Hearts. *Isabella*, who had taken care to shut the Closet-door, came to them, and begging them to moderate their Transports, convinced them, that no time was to be lost in informing the King, of *John of Calais's* Return, to break off the fatal Marriage, for which every thing was getting ready. What she said, was too just to be neglected; they broke off their Embraces, to consult on Measures that were proper to be taken: they agreed, that the Princess should send to the King, and beg him to pass into her Apartment, on an Affair that very much concern'd his Glory and Interest,

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the Secrecy of which obliged her to desire him to come alone. The Person *Constance* sent on this Message, acquitted himself so well, that the King immediately, and unattended, came to the Princess his Daughter. He was no sooner enter'd her Closet, but the Princess, falling on her Knees, and embracing his Feet, Sir, (*said she*) *John of Calais* is alive, and return'd; will you let him be Witness of Nuptials that will occasion my Death? The King of *Portugal* rais'd her up, and notwithstanding his Surprise at the News, he assur'd her, that she might expect every thing from a Father, who lov'd her passionately. At this, *John of Calais*, who was conceal'd, appear'd; and putting one Knee to the Ground, Does the miserable Condition in which I appear before you, suffer you, Sir, to know me? The King retreating a few Steps, and recollecting him, O Heavens (*said he, stretching out his Arms to him*) what do I see! may I believe my Eyes! what Misfortunes have depriv'd us of you? By what Accident are you thus, and what Miracle has brought us together again? *John of Calais* told him the Treachery of *Don John*, his being thrown on the Desert Isle, and the strange Adventure that had brought him from thence to *Lisbon*.

THE King, sensible of all the Villany of *Don John's* Crime, vow'd, that that Day which he had design'd for his Marriage, should be that of his Death. He comforted *John of Calais*, begg'd him to forget his Misfortunes, and put himself into a Condition to appear in the Eyes of the Court; and, embracing the Princess, he return'd to his Apartment, so greatly irritated against the Traitor, that finding him,

with a great many Lords waiting for him, he bid him follow him into the Building for the Fire-work, that he might show him something that was wanting. Don *John* followed him, and they both entred it ; but the King, seeing him busy in examining all the Machines, suddenly went out of it, and shutting him in, ordered it, to be immediately fired. His Commands were obey'd with so much dispatch, that the Villain was consumed before either his Crime or Punishment was known. The King instantly sent for the Estates, who were assembled, and told them Don *John's* Perfidy and Punishment ; they all unanimously approved of the Justice he had done, and detested Don *John's* Action. Then the King caused *John* of *Calais* to appear, who was again acknowledged and proclaimed Heir to the Empire on the King's demise, as Husband of the Princess ; and the Estates declared that their Son should succeed them. This odd Accident restored Joy to the King of *Portugal's* Court, who invited all the Nobles of his Kingdom to come and be Witnesses of the Happiness of *John* of *Calais* and the Princess, whose Love and Transports were beyond expression.

ON the Day of this famous Feast, when nought but Pleasure was thought on, there was seen to enter the Hall, which contained this august Assembly, a Man whose Size and Appearance were surprizing. They looked on him for some time without speaking, but he advancing towards *John* of *Calais*, said, See and acknowledge him who freed you from the desert Island, and conducted you to this Palace ; remember you promis'd me, as a Reward for
that

that piece of Service, half of what was most dear to you. Have you Vertue enough to keep your Word? Yes, (*said he*) rising up, Gratitude and Honour oblige me to it, make your Demand, and you shall be satisfy'd. Well then (*said he*) I must have half your Son.—*John of Calais* shudder'd with Horrour at these Words, *Constance* turned pale, the King was afflicted, and the whole Assembly by their Murmurs shew'd their Indignation.—But the Man continuing his Speech to *John of Calais*, You know my Power (*said he*) it is as easy for me to reduce this Palace to Ashes, and destroy you all, as it was to deliver you from the uninhabited *Ile*. Then the King offered him his Crown, but neither that, nor the Tears of *Constance*, nor the Remonstrances of the Company could prevail on him. *John of Calais*, who had hitherto been silent, at length cry'd, It is not your Threats that make me keep the indiscreet Promise my love and dread of losing the Princess extorted from me. If your Power is of such extent, you know the bottom of my Heart, and that it is Probity alone, that makes me act thus: then taking his Son by the Hand, and turning away his Eyes, trembling with Horrour; Here (*said he*) do you divide him. The *Spectre* took him by one Foot, and ordering his Father to take him by the other, he drew his Cymetar, looking stedfastly on *John of Calais*, whom he found firm, notwithstanding the Horrour he was in.—Here (*said he, softening his Voice*) I return you your Son, receive the Reward of your Virtue and Generosity. 'Twas my Body that was tearing by the Dogs when you entered the City of *Palmania*, it was my Debts

Debts you paid, and whose Body you buried! I have never quitted you since, watchful of your Fate, and knowing your Soul. It was I that induced the *Corfsair* who had carried away the Princess, to cast Anchor by your Ship, where you bought her, without knowing, or so much as seeing her, and only with the Design to restore her to Liberty: Learn by this example how dear to Heaven are the Virtuous; I was willing to try you, you have acted like yourself, enjoy in peace your Happiness, continue wise, moderate and constant, Heaven will not abandon you. You will truly be a Prince, because you owe that Title rather to your Virtue, than the Laws of Birth, which does not depend on us, and which does not make us illustrious, if Wisdom does not accompany it. Saying these Words, the *Spectre* disappeared, and left the Assembly fill'd with Joy and Astonishment, at the happy conclusion of the Adventure. The Union of *Constance* and *John of Calais*, was celebrated with the greatest Magnificence, and authentickly ratify'd; and this Prince, being willing to be no ways wanting in Piety, caused a stately *Mausoleum* to be built to the generous *Phantom*, who had restor'd him to so much Happiness.

THIS History (*said Urania, finding Camilla had done*) is very moving. It is easy (*said Felicia*) to find out the Moral of it; we are taught that Wisdom is preferable to every thing. That Generosity (*added Florinda*) is a Virtue necessary for a generous Mind: That Gratitude (*said Urania*) ought to have the first place in the Heart of a Man of Honour,
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and that a good Action sooner or later meets with its Reward ; and to prove it more authentically, I'll tell you a true Passage, which will, I believe, please you.

THE Victories that *Charles* of *Anjou* had gained in the Kingdom of *Naples* over *Mainfroy* natural Son to the Emperor *Frederick* the Second, nor the Death of that Usurper, his Courage, nor prudent Conduct, could secure to him the peaceable Possession of the Crown ; yet one generous Action gained him entirely the Hearts of all his Subjects, the Army, the Ecclesiastical State, the Nobles, and the People all took his part. *Beltramo de Balse*, having brought to that Prince the Treasures he had taken from the Enemy, the King ordered him to divide it into four parts ; one for him, one for the Queen, the third for the Army who had behaved themselves so gallantly, and the last as a Reward for his Zeal and Services. *Beltramo* caused it to be laid on a Heap on the Ground, and getting on it, with his Feet divided it into three parts ; telling the King, that he did not deserve to be placed in such illustrious Company ; contriving at the same time to make the Army's Share the largest : the King and Queen augmented it with their Shares, and the distribution of it was done with their own Hands, and in so generous a manner, that they who partook of it, were not more pleased than the Lookers on ; who had no other Interest in what they saw, than the Hopes they conceived of the Good such generous Souls would do the whole Kingdom. This piece of Generosity was soon known all over the State, and *Charles* was lov'd and rever'd to the last Moment of his Life. And notwithstanding

notwithstanding the Advantages the *Spaniards* gained over the House of *Anjou*, and their long Possession : there is even to this day preserv'd a Branch of that illustrious Family, which the *Italians* call *Enjo*. I am charmed at this piece of History (*said Camilla*) but I think *Beltramo de Balse*, merits the utmost Praise for his own Disinterestedness. I love such Denials (*said Felicia*) they fill my Soul with Extasy. True (*said Florinda rising*) nothing touches one so much as the Actions of a faithful Subject, Kings who are blest with such, cannot too much cherish them. This made *Darius* King of *Persia* say, upon opening a *Pomgranate*, the Seeds of which, in that Language, are called *Sopire*, that he wished he had as many *Sopires* as were in the *Pomgranate* alluding to the Name of *Sopirus*, *Satrapes* of *Persia*, who had, at the Expence of his Life, showed his Zeal and Fidelity for him, by Actions that History has made immortal. Upon this they all arose to walk, but had scarce taken one Turn, before they saw *Thelamont* and *Orophanes* coming up to them. Tho' I am always infinitely pleased with your Company (*said Urania, advancing to meet them, and blushing*) yet I own your sudden Return makes me apprehensive of some unlucky Accident. *Orfames's* Valet de *Chambre* (*answered Thelamont*) has acquitted himself, Madam, of your Commands : Tho' I should indeed have come, if I had not received them ; my Heart outstrip'd them with the Impatience of a Man who apprehended he should not arrive soon enough to be the first to inform you, that all his Happiness depends now on you alone. You very much embarrass

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me (*reply'd she*) for God's sake explain yourself; you know I have no Secrets to this Company : ease me of my Uneasiness, and be assured that *Urania* will not hesitate on any thing that may contribute to your Felicity. For my part, (*said Orophanes*) I don't comprehend *Thelamont's* Timidity : during our Journey, he entertained me with nothing but the Excess of his Joy, and what he would say in telling you the Occasion of it ; but he is no sooner with you, but speechless, confused and embarass'd, he has not power to tell you that *Geronte*, full of Gratitude for the good Offices he has just done him, has allowed of his Pretensions to you in Marriage, if you approve of them. Indeed (*continued he, without giving him time to answer*) I shall not imitate him in this, but shall let the beautiful *Felicia* know the extreme Satisfaction I feel at my Father's Consent, which he has just given, that I may unite myself with you eternally.

YOU tell us so many things at once, (*interrupted Camilla, laughing*) that we scarce know where we are ; pray let *Thelamont* speak, since *Urania* is willing, that we may hear what he has to say. I assure you, (*reply'd Thelamont*) what *Orophanes* says, is true ; I lost all Courage in entering this Place, and Fear has driven away the Hope with which I flatter'd myself in my Journey : But yet, Madam, (*continued he, addressing himself to Urania*) as my Happiness depends on what I have to tell you, I must let you know, that my Cares have so well succeeded, that I have brought my Relation to the Agreement *Geronte* wish'd for ; but my Kinsman being tied to me, more by

the bands of a long continued Friendship, than Blood and knowing the temerity of my Wishes for you, went beyond what I desired of him. I carry'd him to *Geronte*, who, at first received him but coolly; but when my Friend told him, he came on purpose to put an amicable end to the Law-suit, that was depending between them, he grew more gentle; they each of them alledged, with Warmth, their Pretensions: but to proceed in Order, they both sent for their Counsel, and all Animosity laid aside, *Geronte* was forced to own, that if my Friend proceeded to the Rigour of the Law, he should be ruin'd. I was present at this Conference, and was surpriz'd to see my Relation take *Geronte* aside, and talk with him softly for some time. Joining the Company, they both dismiss'd their Lawyers, and desired me to enter, with them, into *Geronte's* Closet: When we were alone, Sir, (*said Geronte to me*) your Friend has propos'd an Accommodation, which at first my Heart oppos'd; but my Reason overcoming that, has convinced me, that a Man of my Age ought not to think on making a Woman unhappy, and especially such a Woman as *Urania*: your Friend offers to desist from all further Pretensions, and never make any Demands on me, on Condition that I leave *Urania* at liberty to chuse a Husband for herself, and that I secure to you, after my Death, the Estate which he could recover from me; willing that you should enjoy it, before, according to the Laws of Nature, his Death gives it you, as his Heir. I have therefore consented to these two Articles, and would willingly add another, if *Ura-*

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nia pleases, which is to marry you; this Hymen would give me the Satisfaction of thinking, that it was to her I yield my Pretensions on the Estate in question. *Geronte* left off speaking, and I was so much astonish'd at my Friend's Generosity, and the alteration in your Guardian, that it was some time before I could speak; but, Madam, my Joy soon open'd my Mouth, I returned a thousand Thanks to *Geronte*, I embrac'd my Relation, and sufficiently show'd them, that the Excess of my Gratitude, was owing to that of my Love. *Geronte* caress'd me sincerely, and obliged me to confess my Sentiments; he was touch'd with them, and the Respect you had preserved for him, in not being willing to enter into any Engagement, during his life-time, for fear of offending him. He made me promise to set out the next Day, and bring you back with me to conclude the happy Union. I was extremely impatient to see *Orophanes*, to let him partake my Joy with me. As soon therefore as I could get from *Geronte*, I ran to look for him. I found him at my House waiting for me; as soon as he saw me, he ran and embraced me, and tho' I knew him to be naturally of a gay Humour, it seem'd to me so much heighten'd, that I thought he had been apprized of my Adventure. I returned his Caresses with Tenderness; and the Satisfaction he saw written in my Countenance, making him think the same thing of me, as I had done of him, made us, almost at the same time, ask if we were informed, of what had happened to us. But finding that we did not understand one another, we began to explain. I desired him to tell me

what had made him so joyful, and that as soon as he had gratify'd my Curiosity, I would his. He then shew'd me a Letter he had just received from his Father, in which he consented to his Marriage with the amiable *Felicia*. As I will not deprive him of that pleasure, I leave to him the reading of it to you: I told him what my Relation had done, and the Alteration in *Geronte*. When he had heard me, he advised me to set out instantly, for fear of *Geronte's* altering his Mind. But I was too well convinced of his Sincerity, and notwithstanding our mutual Impatience, we put off our coming hither 'till this Morning; *Geronte* having made me promise to bring *Orophanes*, and my Friend to Supper with him, which I did accordingly. Never was there so agreeable a Repast, *Orophanes* was never so amiable, nor ever were there Lovers more sensible of their Happiness than was he and I. *Geronte*, embracing me, charged me with this Letter to convince you of the Sincerity of his Alteration. We parted with the greatest Marks of Friendship, and as soon as Day appeared, *Orophanes* and I took Horse. We met *Orsames's* Valet de Chambre, who, knowing me, gave me your Letter, and told us partly, what had prevented your design of going to *Belisa's*. You see, Madam. (*continued Thelamont*) in what state Things are, 'tis you that are now to pronounce the Sentence of my Life or Death. As soon as *Thelamont* had done speaking, her three Friends ran and embraced *Urania*; the pleasure they felt at seeing her happy, even drew Tears from their Eyes.—*Urania* returned their Caresses, with Tender-
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ness, and the Modesty that was inseparable from all her Actions. And finding them impatient to hear *Geronte's* Letter, she opened it, and read aloud these following Words:

GERONTE to URANIA.

IT belongs to you alone to restore them to reason who had lost it; return, Madam, and enjoy the Effects of what you have done: see me, without Constraint, set my Hand to *Thelamont's* Happiness, and be persuaded that nothing can give me greater pleasure than your Marriage. I wait for you with the Impatience of a Father who longs to see his Children happy.

GERONTE.

Well Madam (*said Thelamont, throwing himself at her feet*) may I flatter myself that you do not oppose my eternal Felicity? Yes (*reply'd she*) my Heart with Joy ratifies the Gift *Geronte* has made you of my Hand; my Mind is too well known to you, for you to question my Sincerity: but we have been taken up enough about ourselves, dear *Thelamont* (*added she, raising him up*) let us now partake of the Joy of *Orophanes* and *Felicia*. I am so transported with yours (*reply'd that agreeable Lady*) that I can hear nothing that can please me more. Ah! charming *Felicia* (*cry'd Orophanes*) 'tis no longer time to talk in that manner; confess therefore, that you consent to my Happiness with pleasure, you owe me this acknowledgement, for all the Uneasinesses I have suffered on your account. *Felicia* smiled at *Orophanes's* Vivacity,

city, and not being willing to embitter his Joys, reply'd, in a manner that convinced him he was as dear to her as she was to him. —

Florinda and *Camilla* thought they could not enough congratulate their four Friends, whom they truly esteemed; but it being Supper-time, they all placed themselves at Table, and the Content of their Hearts, extending it self to their Minds, this Repast surpass'd the preceding ones in the Sprightliness of Conversation. —

Urania gave an exact account of their employments during their absence. *Hortensia* and *Melintas* were not forgot. *Felicia* repeated *Olympia's* Adventures; they all lamented *Arimont*, and were charmed with the Shepherds; but Supper over, they laid aside all Conversation, but what related to themselves. *Thelamont*, *Orophanes*, *Urania* and *Felicia* interchanged a thousand mutual Assurances of eternal Love; and as they were to set out the next Morning, the two Friends and Lovers conducted *Urania* and *Felicia* to their Apartment. 'Twas there that *Camilla* and *Florinda* made *Urania* promise not to quit that Retirement entirely for the Town; but that she would sometimes come thither, in return for the innocent Pleasures she had there tasted, and the agreeable News she had there heard. I consent with all my heart (*said Orophanes*) the Library has occasioned Discourses I can never forget. We'll come again (*reply'd Urania*) and consult it; and since you have been diverted with it; I shall desire *Thelamont* to give me leave to retire hither with you. If you will let me be one of the Party (*answered Thelamont, laughing*) you may depend, beautiful *Urania*, on my Obedience. Af-

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ter some further Discourse, this charming Society separated to go to rest, and to prepare for their departure. *Thelamont* and *Orophanes*, who had not a long time enjoy'd the Sweets of Sleep, now found it interrupted by the Excess of their Joy. *Urania* and *Felicia* partook of their Watchfulness; but the cause was too agreeable, to make them complain. So the Day ended, with the Hopes of their Happiness being soon compleated; and our four Lovers reflected, that it was better to arrive at Felicity slowly and by degrees, still treading in the Paths of Wisdom, than, by straying from Vertue, to acquire a speedy Happiness: And that the good Conduct of Kings, Princes, private Men and all Mankind in general, could not be otherwise gained, than by Study; the Light of which is as a Torch, to illuminate them in all their Actions.

F I N I S.



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